

The Worry of a Father

by If Wishes Were Dragons

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Summary: First story ever. I do not own How To Train Your Dragon. How does Stoick cope with the almost loss of his son and their broken relationship? How does Gobber help him? Set after the battle with the Red Death.

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"It's been three days, Gobber!" Stoick the Vast said in exasperation.

"This things take time, remember what the doctor saidâ€" " Gobber tried to pacify his closest friend by placing his hand upon Stoick's shoulder.

The auburn haired father shook the hand off and interrupted, "I know what the doctor said! 'Wounds like these need a lot of time to heal!' I got it." He suddenly stood up from his chair at his son's bedside and stared at him. Hiccup's silence was bothering him, Stoick was so used to having the boy pestering him, and the village, to no end, but his son's quietness was worrisome to the chief.

It had been three days since the dreaded battle against the Red Death in Dragon Island. It had been three days since he disowned his own flesh and blood, and three days since he took it back. It had been three days since his only son lost his left leg for his mistake. It had been three long days since his son had been comatose and it was maddening.

"I can tell that you are worried about the boy, Stoick, but he'll make it through. He's a strong lad." Gobber said and added for good measure, "He's every bit of the bullheaded Viking you ever were."

Stoick was silent for a long moment, pondering on his friend's words, he could see the truth in them. He saw it every morning that his son lived regardless of his injuries. He saw it when he tried to prove that dragons weren't dangerous. He saw it when his son rode into battle on the back of a Deadly Nadder along with that Hofferson girl. He saw it when his son was ready to defend a village that had deserted him.

At night Stoick would sit right next to his son as he slept and slept and slept. It was during the night in which the father thought of all things that had gone wrong between Hiccup and him until it all culminated when he said the words 'You are not my son.' By Thor he felt dreadful. How could he do this to his own flesh and blood? Yes, he had betrayed them for the dragon, but didn't blood run deeper than that? The chief began to think what his wife must be thinking now. She must completely hate him now for putting their son in such danger. The fact that the boy could've diedâ€”

"Stop that." Gobber stopped his mental rant. "I know what you are thinking now and I'm telling you to stop blaming yourself. There's no use thinking of 'what if's' or what Valhallarama might be thinking. What matters now is that the boy is alive and getting better."

"What happens after that, Gobber? I've been such a horrible father to him that I don't know if he may forgive me!" Stoick exclaimed with panting breath.

"True, but you gotta remember that the boy is very forgiving, he'll come around. But first, you have to be there for him." The blond explained as he stepped around Stoick to face him, he had a clear view of the father's distraught face.

"How do I do that?" The chief stammered with pain etched evidently on his face. He turned his face to look at his sleeping son. The boy looked so small covered by the many furs and blankets.

"That's easy, talk to him, support him. These next months are going to be hard on him with all this getting used to having one leg and learning how to walk again. Heck, I know I had a hard time and I was much older than Hiccup when I lost mine." The blacksmith recalled with a fond smile.

"Not helping here, Gobber." Stoick said with a serious look upon his face.

"I figured that wouldn't have helped." Gobber shrugged, and then continued, "But I reckon that what you have to do is regain the relationship with your son, get close to him again. I figured I'd help you with that a little bit, come to the forge with me, there's something that I gotta show you."

The two bulky Vikings exited the chief's house after becoming sure that the Night Fury would take care of Hiccup. The pair was welcomed by the warm spring air as soon as they shut the door. The sound of children and dragons alike brought a warm feeling to the chief, to know that his son had made this happen made his heart swell with pride for his boy. He followed Gobber to Hiccup's little room within the forge and saw that his friend picked up a pile of papers.

"Hiccup's designs?" The chief asked, confusion clear on his face.

"Some of them, yes." Gobber provided cryptically. "I think that you should look at these." He then handed the pile over to the bearded man.

Stoick grabbed a chair and pulled himself to the desk. He started eyeing the pile and was surprised at what he saw. He gave his son much less credit than he deserved, some of his designs were amazing. He could easily see the dedication that his son put to his projects and their designs, seen by how there were many charcoal smudges in the pages to show details that had been erased. As he kept looking the drawing evolved in complexity until they abruptly stopped and the dragon pictures started, mostly pictures of Toothless. The chief began to realize how much love the boy had for his dragon. Every drawing showed Toothless in a different position which meant that those two spent a lot of time together for his son to recall his features exactly.

"Odin." The chief exhaled, amazed at his son's creativity.

"That's pretty much what I said first time I saw them." The bald man supplied.

"Hiccup drew all of these?" Stoick was still amazed, his son was brilliant.

"Much more or less, I gave him some pointers, but the basic ideas were all his. He designed and made the tail for that dragon all by himself, though." He brought up the designs for the tail and the stirrup.

Stoick just stood there dumbfounded, all of this talent from his son remained hidden and for what? Just so that his father could put him in Dragon Training and maybe make him proud and maybe get him accepted by the village?

"The reason why I'm showing you these, Stoick, is so that you can have something to talk to your son about, because dragon training went so well!" Gobber shut up at Stoick's fierce glare. "All joking aside, try to think how Hiccup thinks and give this whole dragon business a try, you know this village needs a change now that the war is over."

"I will, thank you, Gobber." Stoick said as he stood up, placing the drawings right where he found them.

Gobber was already outside of Hiccup's studio, "What are you waiting for? Come here and help me design Hiccup's new leg. Thor knows he'll need a sturdy one for when the boy wakes up. The lad doesn't seem to stay still for more than a minute." The blacksmith laughed merrily.

"Alright, let's go." Stoick left the studio more confident about his relationship with his son.

The End.

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